

The Black and Red

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OUR IMMORTALS.

Oh, the Fifth Form room is a Hall of Fame,
Where everyone wears a copyright name;
We head the list with Poop-Deck Rand,
Who has always a big telescope in his hand,
Next comes jovial Alex, the Prince Rupert Kid,
Of his frivolous jokes we should like to get rid;
The third we must mention is Shylock the Jew,
Who has lots of ducats, but spends very few;
Now let me present to you Muscular Mack,
On the floor every night exercising his back;
In the very same posture our Irishman Ken
Lies and waggles his legs like a runaway hen;
The Campbells are coming!—Oh here is our Clown,
His rooting's already the talk of the town.
Then Ginger the second—that red-headed clan
Will raise all the rough-house they possibly can;
A place in the "Fisheries" will have to be made
For Crawfish the sport, and old Halibut Wade;
Then Mandolin Keith drives away all our care
With his "plinkety-plunk" to a popular air;
Then we've Tuning-Coil Coop, the Electrical Kid
Who everywhere keeps his great jolt-boxes hid.
Lastly comes Higgins, the maker of Cheese;—
Where can you find Twelve as renowned as these?
—"Marconi."

INTERMEDIATES.

Come, list to me, and you shall hear a tale of what befell
The famous Intermediate team who lately did so well.

It was a fine October day, the sun was shining bright,
And when the team came out to play we cheered with all our might.
Collegiates thought that ten to one they had the game a cinch,
But we had Tatlow, Ashcroft ii, Woodward and trusty Winch.
Our boys all looked quite confident, and stood with lips set tight,
Their fists were clenched, their backs were bent, waiting the coming
fight.

The foe seemed all the time as if they did not care a pin
For us, but soon they changed their look when we began to win.
Spry Woodward quickly grabbed the ball, and sailed across the line;—
Look out for little Woody when his face begins to shine!
The Collegiates up behind the line, they'd better look alert,
For Tatlow's going to hold the ball, Bell-Irving to convert.
Twice more across the goal-line Bell-Irving i did fall,—
His head was down, his feet were up, but he had got the ball.
The Collegiate all fought hardly, but when at last the sun
Went down, the score was standing—our eleven to their—none.

The praises of this plucky team spread very far abroad,
And now the saying goes about—"The U. S. team's no fraud."

—E. A. Henderson.

THE GHOST OF SUTHERLAND

J. Decker, S. York.

It was the night before breaking-up day, and, excited at the prospect of returning home on the morrow, I tossed uneasily in my bed utterly unable to sleep. After I had been in this state for some time, I heard a slight squeaking noise as if some one was getting out of bed. Looking around to see who it was astir at such a late hour, I saw to my astonishment the blankets of the only vacant bed in the dormitory stirring and heaving as though some one occupied it. Thinking that some boy had been walking in his sleep, I had almost decided to get up and see who it was, when to my horror I beheld a white and glowing head appear from underneath the blankets. The horrifying head, supported on shining shoulders, writhed and squirmed, and the features contorted themselves horribly, glowing all the while in ghastly phosphorescence. The sight turned me dumb with terror. At last a gaunt figure emerged from the bed. There it stood glaring round the room, its body aglow and its eyes like searchlights. Then it began mumbling softly, and with noiseless tread it moved about the room. Nearer and nearer it came to me, and while I seemed to be burning and freezing by turns, it mumbled, "Where is my gold collar button? I've come for my

gold collar button." I supposed it was addressing me, but stricken dumb with terror my lips formed no reply. To my utmost relief it moved off to the bed next to me, strange to say I could not hear any more mumbling from the ghost, though I could see its lips moving, as if it wanted to speak. After my first fright I studied the face of the figure. Then suddenly it dawned upon me. The face, though disfigured by awful contortions, was the face of Sutherland. While I was studying this figure, it, having given up the search for the collar button, advanced into the middle of the room. Suddenly with a leap it mounted the bureau and began dancing diabolically, its glowing legs moving with the quickness and certainty of long practice. After a short time he stopped this form of amusement, and climbed the radiator pipes, bumping his head three or four times on the ceiling. This was done for all the world as the original Victor used to do. Then the awful figure leapt from the bureau, alighting without any weight upon the foot of my bed. Squatting curiously down it slowly advanced towards my head, though I could feel no movement upon my feet. Bending its ghastly glowing head to my ear it tried to whisper to me: "Well, and how's the kid?" from which I got from the motion of his mouth. This was too much for my tortured soul and I swooned, my head sinking gently upon the pillow. I awoke in the usual time the next morning, but feeling faint, I stayed in bed that day. I have now come to the conclusion that it is time to believe in ghosts when one sees such a sight.

A NIGHT AT CEDAR HILL

K. Gordon.

The Saanich people quaked with fear,
For dangerous panthers were said to be near,
And became so frightened that at last they said,
We will give five dollars for each one's head.
When the boys heard this they decided to go,
And with uniforms on they marched off in a row.
On reaching the hill they pitched their camp
To appease their hunger after their tramp.
About nine o'clock every one was in bed,
And all was still save the sentry's tread.
"Who goes there?" he suddenly cried,
For the panther he thought he had surely espied.
But getting no answer he made his retreat,
And the second sentry started off on his beat.
Now this second boy was an innocent pup,

So when some one in front of him yelled "Hands up,"
And he saw a six-shooter right under his nose,
Then his heart went down and his hair arose.
Some of the camp who had heard the shout,
Hastened to help their comrade scout.
But their fear was soon turned into joy,
For the captive was none but a lazy day-boy.
After all this excitement no one could sleep,
And they fought with each other like so many sheep.
Before the sun rose they were up the next morn,
And till after they breakfasted looked most forlorn;
Then they packed up their things and went away,
Leaving the panthers till some other day.

THE ATTACK OF THE JAPS ON THE WHITES OF VANCOUVER

Cooper.

Early in the year 19— the Japs in Vancouver began to arm themselves, with what view the authorities had no idea. When it became known that nearly every Jap in town was well armed, people grew anxious, and the sale of firearms to Japs was prohibited.

Soon, however, it leaked out that a certain contractor had discharged all his Japanese laborers. One of the discharged Japs then assaulted the contractor, was arrested and imprisoned. All the Japs of the town then decided to take revenge by taking the town, the foolishness of such an undertaking never entering their minds for a moment.

Two weeks after the passing of the law prohibiting the sale of guns to Japs, they all left their work and went to their quarters. At nine o'clock in the evening a large armed force of Japanese began marching down Westminster Avenue to the City Hall, and demanded through an interpreter a parley with the Mayor. The Mayor left the meeting he was attending and came out to interview the crowd. Growing bold, the Japs demanded the surrender of the town, saying that it was useless to attempt resistance. The Mayor told the Japs to wait till he interviewed the Council. He went inside and telephoned to the Drill Hall, where the Sixth Regiment were drilling. Major B——, who was in charge, ordered the quartermaster-sergeant to supply ammunition to the militia, who immediately fell in.

The Mayor, meanwhile, had given the Japs no satisfaction, so after waiting awhile they stormed the City Hall and

took the Mayor and Council prisoners. Soon the sound of bugles was heard coming up Hastings Street. The Japs, guessing the meaning, gathered together in a disorderly mob, but at the order of their leader took refuge in the City Hall, the Carnegie Library and other adjacent buildings.

As soon as the Sixth Regiment came upon the scene the Japs fired upon them from the windows, wounding several. At the command the militia dispersed, making for buildings where they could more easily shoot back at the Japs. An aerogram was flashed from the Government wireless station at Point Grey to the cruiser Rainbow, lying at Esquimalt. The cruiser immediately got under way, but did not arrive in Vancouver until four in the morning.

Little firing was done until midnight, when the militia decided to storm the City Hall and other buildings in which the Japs lay hidden. The Japs fled out of the hall by the back way as the militia went in by the front, and fled in a disordered way down Hastings Street.

When they came near the Westminster car depot they met the last Robson Street car going to the barns. They ordered the motorneer to stop and he complied, but just as the mob were about to take possession of the car, the motorneer threw on the juice, the car ploughing its way through the Japs, killing many. The militia chased the Japs up Hastings Street to Seymour. Here the Japs divided, half going up Seymour and the rest going straight on. The militia followed those that went straight on, not seeing those that went up Seymour. Those who went up Seymour Street doubled back and rifled Tisdale's store, obtaining ammunition.

The militia had chased the Japs up Granville Street and down Georgia. At the corner of Georgia and Bute Streets the Japs made a stand, and heavy firing commenced on both sides. In the meantime the second party of Japs came up in the rear and scattered a party of volunteers that was attempting to join the militia. Hemmed in on both front and rear, the militia decided to retreat down Bute Street to Pender, where they took refuge behind a stone fence and kept off the Japs for several hours.

To help the militia, several troops of the Boy Scouts and the High School Cadets turned out. They proved themselves very useful in carrying communications to the militia and in caring for the wounded of both sides.

About four in the morning a gun was fired in English Bay, and shortly afterwards a patrol leader of the Boy Scouts handed Major B—— an aerogram from the Rainbow, saying she would soon enter the Narrows. At a quarter to five the

sailors of the Rainbow and a hundred or so volunteers armed with Winchesters and revolvers came to the aid of the militia. As soon as they came near the Japs gave them a volley, doing little damage.

The sailors had brought up several quick-firing guns from the Rainbow. These they played on the Japanese, who took to flight and headed for Stanley Park.

Meanwhile about a hundred Japs came in from outside camps to help their fellows, and they all made a stand at the corner of Pender and Denman Streets. The Japs having hidden themselves had slightly the better of the encounter, but when the quick-firing guns arrived they once more took to flight into Stanley Park.

Here they were safe till morning, as it was useless for the militia to attack them while they were hidden in the trees. So they guarded the entrances and awaited daybreak.

The Quadra arrived shortly after the break of day with soldiers from Work Point. Except for the firing of a few odd shots no fighting was done all day. But at night several parties of Japs tried to sneak out of the Park, but failed and were captured. Next day an attempt was made to dislodge the Japs, but attained little success. Driven by hunger a party of Japs raided the lighthouse keeper's residence and took all his food. They then took his launch and attempted to get away, but were captured by one of the Rainbow's tenders.

At noon of the next day a messenger from the Japs came to Mayor B—— saying that the Japs were ready to give themselves up. They were all marched off and kept prisoners.

Next day word arrived from Japan that a battleship and a delegation were being sent from Japan to settle matters. The Japanese government made apologies for what had happened and paid for all damage done, but they could not make good for the loss of life caused.

Praise was given to the Boy Scouts and High School Cadets for the services they rendered the militia in the skirmish.

SCHOOL DAYS

The days we spent at school are far
The happiest of our lives,
Our elders often tell us how
They long to hear the cries
And shouts of boys who went to school,
Who worked with them and played,
And only wish that all their lives
At school they might have stayed.

But here our lives we cannot pass,
The day will come to all,
When we must leave our school and friends
And answer to the call;
We realize that on ourselves
Our future life depends,
And grieve to leave our comrades for
New enemies and friends.

Upon the path of life we start
To earn our daily bread,
From shop or office we return
With dull and aching head,
With shaking hand and fevered brow,
We strive to rest and cool,
And wish with all the heart and soul
We could be back at school.

—Wade.

We went to Vancouver a match to play
And were told to come back on a certain day
But Hobson hid in the baggage shed
Till the Charmer began to forge ahead,
Then wildly waving his arms on high,
He uttered a shriek and began to cry
Turn back, turn back, Oh Captain dear,
I shall miss some lesson I greatly fear.
Turn back, turn back, Oh Captain bold
And I'll give you a ducat of solid gold;
But the Captain laughed both long and loud
And shook out a reef in his top-sail shroud
And Hobson was left his fate to bemoan,
Spending the night in Vancouver alone.
When he got back he told us a tale
Of a train of cars that blocked the trail.
But Hobson will not do this again,
For if he does he'll get the cane.

—Tuning-Coil Coop.

A DOUBLE ENCOUNTER WITH GHOSTS

Beech.

I had never believed in ghosts until one night. I had an encounter with one. I hope I shall never have to undergo such an ordeal again, for the feeling you have on seeing the ghost is fascinatingly horrible.

I had been asked to stay with some old friends for a few days so that I might be present at a party they were giving.

I arrived safely, and late in the evening, not long before we went to bed my host asked me if I believed in ghosts. Of course I denied the suggestion, as I had always done. He then went on to tell me that one of his rooms was supposed to be haunted from the curious sounds that came from it at certain hours of the night.

To make a long story short, my host dared me to sleep in this room on the strength of my non-belief in ghosts.

Rather surprised and not a little taken aback, I accepted the "dare."

As I was undressing I noted carefully the room and its contents. Everything seemed quite natural and I dispelled all my fears with a laugh.

Suddenly a thought struck me: "Could my friends be playing a joke on me?" If that is their game, thought I, "I will soon put a stop to it."

Accordingly I put both my boots close to my bed to hurl at any practical joker venturing near my room.

I managed to keep awake, but the minutes went very slowly by. At last twelve o'clock struck. This was the time I expected a joke would be played. My expectations were right. The next second I heard a clank, as of a rusty chain. I was certain the sound did not come from any part of the room. It must then be outside in the passage.

I picked up my boots and opened the door. At the top of the stairs was a white clad figure. Something seemed to tell me this was not a ghost. The figure was too much like my host, but slightly taller, I thought.

I aimed my boot with careful precision. It struck the figure on the head, and to my horror a skull rolled to the edge of the stairs and fell over. I remained still and cold with fear. It was uncanny to hear that skull bump down the stairs. Would that bumping never stop? At last it did. I turned to see what had become of the remainder of the ghost. Oh! there it was, advancing up the passage. I aimed my second boot without fear. Ghosts' skulls are generally not solid.

It struck my host, for I was now sure it was he, full in the wind. I heard a gasp and he doubled up. I went up to him to make sure of his personality.

It was, as I thought, my host. I gently reproved him on the un wisdom of playing ghost. He appeared to agree, for he answered not, imploring me for water.

As I was entering my room intending to fulfil my host's desire, I darted back in horror.

Bending over my bed was a ghost; surely a ghost this time. The figure was shrouded in white folds, the face only being bare. This face was a skull, white and gleaming in the

cold moonlight. The eyes shone as if with fire. The mouth was formed in a fiendish grin. I felt a cold shiver go down my back. Was this a second imposter? Surely not. To make sure I picked up a chair and hurled it at the figure.

To my horror the chair went through the ghost without any apparent effect and it came on.

I stood rigid, unable to move. I could feel the perspiration roll down my face. I could stand this no longer. This clanking, oncoming figure was fascinating me with fear. It was then I uttered a shriek, hoarse and hollow with fright. It seemed hours to, but it must really have been but a few seconds, before this apparition was upon me. When the cold hand touched my shoulder I fell unconscious.

The strain had been too great. I came to a few minutes later to find most of the guests gathered around me. It appeared that my host, wondering what had detained me, and hearing my cry, had hurried towards my room. All he found was me unconscious and the room in darkness.

He turned on the lights and aroused most of the male guests and brought me to. He had not seen the ghost.

There are but few words to tell now. Needless to say, my host apologized to me for his joke and its unhappy finish.

Next day I had the satisfaction of seeing the haunted room nailed up. No more would it serve to frighten non-believers in ghosts.

Now, as I look back upon this incident in my life that shattered my non-belief in ghosts, I wish I could believe that it was only a dream.

THE TRIP TO OTTAWA

Crawford.

This summer, Mr. Harvey was invited to send two cadets from our shooting team to Ottawa, and he chose Bell-Irving and I (Crawford). We were to go for the purpose of trying to get on the Canadian team to shoot for the Lord Roberts trophy. When it was finally decided that Bell-Irving and I were going, Mr. Harvey made up his mind to come as well.

After a couple of weeks' practice here we left for Ottawa on the 16th of August, and after a very enjoyable trip arrived there Saturday morning, August 20th. Shortly after our arrival we saw Mr. Frank Beard, the secretary of the C.R.L., who kindly arranged for Bell-Irving and I to sleep with the English cadets. We took up our quarters Saturday afternoon.

The Rockliffe Range is about 1,400 yards long by 200 yards wide. The highest firing point is 1,000 yards and the lowest 200. The greater part of the shooting is at 200, 500, 600. Nearly all visiting competitors camp on the range for the week, and last summer there were a large number. Meals are served in a building on the range during the meeting, besides which there are several "quick-lunch counters." The Ross Rifle Company has a tent there for the time, and does a good deal of small business.

All Sunday we loafed about the range, as the weather was very hot, and prepared for the shooting on Monday. Early Monday morning we shot in some "extra series" matches, and although our scores were not much to boast of we corrected our errors in sighting. About 9.30 the Tyro match, 500 yards, one of the scoring matches for the Canadian team, was shot. I tried to shoot well, but I was nervous and fired too quickly, making a poor score (20). Bell-Irving had settled down better and made 28. Then in the Bankers' 600 yards, my score was fair, the only match in which I beat Bell-Irving, considering that it was my second trial at 600. School Cadets' match in the afternoon, 200 yards, I made 26, and Bell-Irving 29. This gave Bell-Irving a chance to shoot on the Canadian team. In the Cadets' match I shot at the same butt with a cadet captain, Crawford, from Quebec, with the result that the score keeper was twisted, but it made no difference as we tied—5 inners, 2 mags. each. This finished my shooting, but Bell-Irving shot in the Lord Roberts and made 58, coming second.

Wednesday we loafed and went sight-seeing. Thursday morning we went over the Eddy Match and Paper Factory. In the afternoon Mr. Harvey and Bell-Irving went over the Royal Mint, and I went to Montreal for two days. I went from Montreal to Ottawa on the Imperial Limited. They got on and we came back in time for the Xmas term.

THE GHOST OF ABERDARE

Devine i.

In an old manor named Aberdare, in the South of Wales, there is said to be a ghost which is the terror of the country for miles around.

Long before the time of Elizabeth the foundation of this now half ruinous pile was laid. When the owners made their home there the country was infested with robbers. The lady of the house was very nervous, when one dark and stormy night,

the master being away, some of these midnight marauders broke in to steal the rich plate from its massive oaken chest. She, upon hearing a suspicious noise, went into a swoon. She regained consciousness to find the masked figures around her trying to get her to tell them the position of the chamber which held the family plate. She tried to shout for help, but the leader of the robbers said that it was no good, as the servants' quarters were well guarded. She was so stricken with fear that she could not speak. Then the leader demanded her to tell or pay the price—death. The poor unfortunate lady, whether from fear of losing the plate or through being hysterical, now began to wail piteously. The wail became louder and louder, for one of the men disregarding his leader's commands, threatened her with a long shining dagger. Suddenly the wail ceased, but her body shivered in death. The leader, with great cold beads of sweat on his brow, felt her breast, and beyond a slight quiver all was still. The lady had died of the sudden shock. The thieves were so shaken in mind that they hurriedly left without their booty. When the master returned he was horrified to find his wife dead, and thought that the servants might have had a hand in the crime. But when he found them huddled up together in one of their rooms, they told him of the midnight raid. That night he awoke up with an uncanny feeling that some one was shouting for help. Then the figure of his dead wife appeared through the heavy oaken door of his room and came towards him with a dumb imploring gesture for help. A cold hand seemed to touch his brow, so he strove to rise from the bed, but something held him back. The wind now rose to a dismal howl through the oaks outside, and it seemed to his shattered nerves like his wife's voice calling for his assistance. The ghostly shadow now seemed to feel some danger, and as it turned towards the door the wind shrieked again, and then the terrified man became unconscious. About noon he awoke, but his nerves were so shattered that he could not eat. That night he determined to stay awake, so he sat up before a great fire in the large dining hall, and at the same hour that the ghost had appeared the night before it visited him again. He was settling himself comfortably when he heard the clanking of the great massive door, and went, candle in hand, to see about it. Upon nearing the door a gust of wind extinguished the candle and the ghost of his wife appeared in great beauty, with outstretched hands, as if pleading with him. He was so startled that he took a step backwards, but the glimmering apparition still came on till he could almost feel those cold

hands around his neck and a cold kiss on his brow. He stiffened out and the perspiration simply poured from his body. Then with one shriek of terror he dropped dead. The servants soon after left the house, and now the ghost of Aberdare reigns supreme. This fact makes some spirited young folk who want adventure very desirous of proving conclusively that they are not afraid of ghosts; but when they hear blood-curdling screams and almost feel a gale of wind go past them, see a silvery apparition coming towards them, or hear the clanking of iron, it freezes their young blood and they leave the field for the ghost to reign supreme.





1st FOOTBALL XV., 1910-11.

Back Row—Shaw, Creery (spare man), Arbuthnot, Thorsen, Hobson, Rand, Devine, Woodward, York (forwards).

Middle Row—Macdonald (full back), Wade, McGuigan (Capt.), Wyld, Stone (three quarters).

Front Row—Stirling, Beech (halves).

IN MEMORIAM

John Rogers

DIED

MARCH 4TH, 1911

AGED 15 YEARS

“Be not sorry, as men without hope,
for those that sleep in Him.”

